

—SEE—
Showacre Bros.
—FOR—
CIGARS AND PIPES
Just the thing for Christmas Gifts. Finest line of Pipes in the city and prices are right. All the latest periodicals, magazines and novels. Daily papers of all kinds.

—STANDS—
Pike street, Opp. Postoffice, and Traders Hotel

J. E. FLYNN,
The Tailor. 330 Pike St.

A beautiful line of
Fall and Winter Woolens

has just arrived. They represent a remarkably attractive collection of new styles, new fabrics and new colorings. You are cordially invited to inspect this very interesting assortment of woolens before placing your order.

J. E. FLYNN,
The Tailor. 330 Pike St.



Is the place to buy your Watches, Jewelry, &c. Also the place to get your watches, clocks and jewelry repaired by one who has had 25 years' practical experience. Work warranted, satisfaction guaranteed.

We pay no rent and can save you money. Give us a call.
L. C. LOUTHER,
Clarksburg, W. Va.
dec22-1m

FOLEY'S KIDNEY CURE
Makes Kidneys and Bladder Right
For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

WATER CONSUMERS.
Water rents for quarter ending December 31, 1903, are now due and payable at the office of the city clerk, 300 Court street.

HUGH CALLAGHAN,
dec28-dlm W. W. Com.

Sweet Melody Flour.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR
stops the cough and heals the lungs.
For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR

Now is the time to get a hat at a great bargain. Everything at cost. Elizabeth Coffman.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR

Public dancing at the Elkbridge dance hall every Tuesday and Friday nights. Admission to gentlemen 50 cents, and to ladies 25 cents. Music by the Peerless piano player.

Sweet Melody Flour.

Dr. E. B. Harper, veterinarian, will treat your sick animal. Operating a specialty. Charges reasonable. Office 211 Pike street.

Sweet Melody Flour.

If you need any harness for your teams, no matter of what kind, you will find it always on hand at Reynolds, Main street. He keeps an up-to-date harness establishment.

Sweet Melody Flour

Selling everything at cost. Going out of business. Elizabeth Coffman.

Have your eyes examined and spectacles accurately fitted by Dr. Hardman, oculist and aurist. Fordyce building.

Sweet Mlody Flour

In every home where there is a piano there should be a piano player. There is none better than the Harmonist. Sold by the Thomson Music Company, Elk Bridge building.

Sweet Melody Flour

Get a free sample of Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets at Stone & Mercer's drug store. They are easier to take and most pleasant in effect than pills. Then their use is not followed by constipation, as is often the case with pills. Regular size, 25c per box.

BIG PIE FACTORIES.

METHODS BY WHICH THEY HANDLE THEIR IMMENSE PRODUCT.

Ten to Fifteen Thousand Pies Made and Baked in a Night—The Crusts, the Filling and the Frosting—Absolute Cleanliness in the Shops.

A visit to one of the largest pie constructing plants in a city would make the average housewife who prides herself in her baking green with envy. The maker of old fashioned domestic pies cannot easily conceive of a system by which a barrel of apples and a barrel of flour can, figuratively speaking, start at one end of a long bench and leave the other end a thousand or less finished pies, but this system is in use in all the large pie bakeries.

The baking force goes on duty at 10 o'clock at night. During the day girls have been pairing and slicing apples and pumpkins, and the foreman has been spicing and sweetening the cooked fruit or mince, the custards and other prepared filling which have also been cooked by steam in large stone stew vats. When the bakers go on duty the filling is in place in front of the great dough board in tubs holding a half barrel each, and the stewed apples in full sized barrels. At one end of the bench is a great stack of flour, near which stands a pail of water into which a saucer of baking powder has been dumped. The dough mixer attacks this heap and makes in it a deep depression, into which the water is poured. The embankment of flour is rapidly turned into the water and stirred with the hands until a thick, pasty dough has been formed. This is shoveled along until a tall heap is formed at the mixer's right, and the kneader, a spry young fellow, working with an instrument resembling a plasterer's trowel, cuts off large masses and rolls them until the mixing is completed and then chops them into chunks of suitable sizes for forming bottom crusts. The men beyond roll the bottom crusts and place them in the pans, which are arranged in large wooden trays, heaped one upon another in stacks as tall as a man. The stacks of trays are then hauled to the filler by means of a hook inserted in a ring in the truck at the bottom.

The pies, whether 10,000 or 15,000 a night are baked, are all filled by one man. With a long handled cup similar to that used in dipping milk from a can he stands over a tub of stewed pumpkin, mince or custard and fills the pies so rapidly that all of one man's time is required to bring the trays to his side and that of another to take them away. He works like an automaton, a filled pie resulting from every drop and rise of his two hands. Nearly a hundred pies a minute look like an impossibility, but he sends them to the men who put on the top crusts and the meringues at that rate for many minutes at a stretch. He has, by actual test, put half a barrel of mince meat into pies within ten minutes.

The filled pies go into the big wooden trays to the men who cover them with the top crust or who put the meringue on with a conical shaped canvas bag open at the smaller end, out of which they squeeze the frosting on the fancy pies. The fancy pies and the plain ones do not come together again until they meet in the delivery wagon about 5 o'clock in the morning.

The top crust pies go to the draw-plate ovens and the pumpkins, custards, meringues and tarts to the older fashioned ovens, where they are handled with long, slender shovels. Out of the larger drawplate oven is pulled with a steel hook a plate of iron half an inch thick or more already heated. The thermometer in front of the oven shows a temperature of 550 degrees. As many pies as will lie on this plate—about 100 at a time—are placed on it and it is pushed into the oven. The hands of a dummy clock at the side are set to indicate the moment at which the baking will be finished. Another plate is then drawn out and filled, and the proceeding is repeated until the night's work is finished. The pies, after baking, go into wooden trays, as before, and are taken to the shipping room, where they are counted and loaded into the wagons for delivery.

About forty girls, boys and men by this system produce from 10,000 to 15,000 pies a day. They use about fifteen barrels of flour, six to ten barrels of apples, nine or ten half barrels of mince meat, nearly as much stewed pumpkin and perhaps half as much each of other fruits and custards, a barrel or more of lard, about two barrels of sugar and large quantities of spices.

Contrary to all popular notions on the subject, the wholesale manufacture of pies in a modern establishment is thoroughly cleanly. Workmen are not allowed to enter the work rooms in their street attire or to change their clothing there. The use of tobacco at all stages of the work is prohibited. Spitting on the floor or on into anything else in the work rooms is expressly and emphatically forbidden. The walls are white, and the floors of concrete are dustless. Every scrap of anything that can sour is daily washed from the vessels used for filling, from the cooking vats, from the trays and from the benches, and they are all sterilized with steam or boiling water. The shortening, sweetening and spicing are carefully and accurately weighed in exact proportions. The baking is timed to a constant temperature, so that there is absolute uniformity, and all the mixing and flavoring, while done on a large scale, are so conducted as to insure a uniform quality.—New York Tribune.

Carry brightness with you to the home. Worry should have no place under the roof that shelters your wife and children.—Maxwell's Talisman.

A Plan Handicapped.
"This paper says massage reduces the chin."
"Yes; perhaps so," replied Henpeck—"perhaps so, but she's never let me try it."—Houston Post.

GET CLOSE TO THINGS.

The Experienced Shopper's Advice to the Quiet Woman.

The modest, unassuming woman had been trying for some time to get the attention of a clerk, but they all seemed to be busy, and she had not the aggressiveness to crowd in and grab one. The experienced shopper, having completed her purchases, had time to give a little sympathy to the quiet one.

"Do you want to buy something?" she asked.

"Yes," was the reply, "if I could only get the attention of the clerk."

"Oh, that's easy," asserted the experienced one. "Just do as I say."

"But they're all so much more strenuous than I am," pleaded the quiet one. "I'd rather go without than be as unwomanly and disagreeable as some of the women are. I really can't fight for attention, you know."

"Not at all necessary," explained the experienced shopper. "Do you see that tray of trinkets over there?"

"Yes."

"Go over and stand by it and pick up a few of them for closer examination. Put them back, of course, but just paw the collection over without any effort to get hold of a clerk. Reach out for anything you see, as if you were more interested in what's on the counter than in what's behind it."

"I don't see what good that's going to do."

"Try it and you'll find out."

The quiet woman did as directed, and within two minutes a floorwalker was at her elbow.

"Do you want anything?" he asked politely.

She said she did, and he made it his business to get a clerk to wait on her.

"I told you so," whispered the experienced shopper. "Sometimes it isn't necessary to touch a thing. If you just show a desire to get close to things that are easily carried away they'll take you for a shopper every time and get a clerk for you so that you won't have any excuse for hanging around."

The quiet woman gasped and felt guilty all the rest of the time she was in the store, but she had to admit that she had learned something about practical shopping.—Brooklyn Eagle.

A WONDERFUL INSECT.

Gas Companies Not Wanted Where the Cucujo Flourishes.

Have you ever heard of the cucujo? If you are one of those unfortunate who are in the habit of grumbling at gas bills you will wish that the place was swarming with cucujos, so that the gas companies might be circumvented. The cucujo is the frothy of the tropics, and it is the most brilliant of the whole tribe of light giving insects or animals. Thirty-eight of them yield one candle power.

Photographs have been printed by two minute exposure of bromide plates to their illumination. People in Cuba confine them in paper lanterns for going about the country at night or for indoor lighting. Sometimes they attach one of the insects to each foot for traveling in the dark to serve as a guide to the path; also they use them as ornaments for the dress and hair.

Cucujos are beetles beginning life as grubs. Skipjacks or springtails they are sometimes called because when placed on their backs they jump over with a clicking sound.

A small species of the same family is found in Florida and Texas. They have two luminous spots on the thorax and another on the abdomen. Damp evenings are most favorable to the light giving, the object of which is presumably to attract a mate. The young larvae feed largely on snails, to which their bite is poisonous. The luminous organs are developed before the insects leave the eggs.

Now, a theory formerly held was that these fireflies stored up light in the daytime for emission at night, as is done by the so called luminous palm of calcium sulphide. But it was found that they shone as brightly as ever after being confined for ten days in darkness. Some that were carried from Cuba to Havre in the pitch black hold of a vessel were brilliant on their arrival.

A more striking disproof, however, was afforded by a batch of larvae hatched in the dark from eggs laid in the dark on a piece of rotten wood, the young insects being kept in darkness for the first six months of their lives. They shone as brilliantly as any of the other fireflies.—Golden Penny.

Little Henry's Questions.
Little Henry was reading ancient history stories. "Pa," said he suddenly, "can I ask you a question?"

"I guess you can, Henry. You seem to have a fair command of English."

"Well, may I, then?" Little Henry continued.

"Yes," said Pa. "Fire ahead."

"That's funny," said little Henry. "I was just thinking of such things. Now, did the old Romans light their houses with Roman candles?"

"I shouldn't wonder," said Pa, chuckling. "Nero, at least, indulged in a good deal of fireworks. Anything else?"

"Yes," replied little Henry. "Did the people of Athens do all their cooking with Greek fire?"

Then Pa got mad and said he couldn't be bothered with any more silly questions.—Household Ledger.

Laying the Ghost.
The Earl of Onslow tells a very effective story. His beautiful old place, Clandon, suddenly became possessed of a "ghost," and the servants of the place were almost terrified out of their wits by the noises they heard and the sights they saw or imagined. The reputation of the mansion became noised abroad, and at last Lord Onslow took a short cut to end the mystery. He assembled his servants and gave it out to them that he was determined to have no more of this sort of thing. For the future all members of his family would sleep with loaded revolvers by their side, and at the first suggestion of a noise they would send a bullet in its direction to investigate the cause. Clandon nowadays is quite commonplace in its immunity from the uncanny.—London Globe.

PITTSBURG CORDAGE

IT WAS A FACTOR IN PERRY'S GREAT VICTORY ON LAKE ERIE.

The Vessels of the Famous Naval Hero's Fleet Were Equipped With Rope Manufactured in the Then Little More Than Village.

While Pittsburgh and vicinity figured prominently in the early history of the republic, the city has never laid claim to any great share of the victories achieved by Americans in the war of 1812 because most of the engagements of that conflict took place on the water. But, an inland town and almost village, as it was at that time, Pittsburgh contributed materially toward the notable victory of Oliver H. Perry on Lake Erie Sept. 13, 1813. In Pittsburgh were manufactured the ropes that were required in the equipment of Perry's famous fleet.

This was the first instance that has been placed on record of Pittsburgh's having furnished the equipment of a fleet of war for the government, but since that time the Smoky City has always held a prominent place in the building of vessels of war. Those craft of Perry's, of course, were only wooden affairs, and the amount of iron about them was very small. With the evolution in the construction of war vessels came also the development of industries in Pittsburgh, so that now, by the manufacture of armor plate for Uncle Sam's ships, the city still sustains its reputation which was started in such a humble way in 1813 by furnishing a quantity of rope for Perry's fleet on Lake Erie.

The ropemaking industry was begun in Pittsburgh in 1794, and the first one to engage extensively in the business was Colonel John Irwin, a Revolutionary soldier, who was severely wounded in the battle of Paoli. After peace was declared he started in the business in Pittsburgh and at the same time established the first ropewalk west of the Allegheny mountains. His place of business was located on the site for so many years since occupied by the famous old hotel, the Monongahela House. Here, where since presidents, kings and princes have been entertained, the rope business was modestly begun.

Colonel Irwin died not long after the establishment of his business in the city, his death having been the result of injuries he sustained in the Revolutionary war. The business was attended to by Mrs. Irwin, who is said to have been a woman of extraordinary energy and ability. Later her son assisted her, and the business was carried on under the firm name of Mary & John Irwin.

In 1795 the ropewalk was removed to the square bounded by Liberty avenue, Third and Fourth streets and Redoubt alley. The product turned out by the Irwins was of a good quality and was in great demand. The business grew, and soon it was necessary to remove the walk to a place where more ground was available. Consequently in 1812 the works were removed to a site on the bank of the Allegheny river near the Point.

Soon after this last removal there came one day to call on Mrs. Irwin a boyish looking fellow who introduced himself as Oliver H. Perry. He said that he was building a fleet of war vessels on the shore of Lake Erie and that he would require a considerable quantity of cordage to equip his fleet. Mrs. Irwin made a contract with the youthful naval officer, and in due time the cordage was all finished and delivered to Commodore Perry.

The amount of rope in this famous order was not great compared with that which is now used in fitting out our modern sea monsters of ships, but for the day and the place the order was a notable one. When the entire order was completed, Mrs. Irwin, who, though well up in years was still interested in business and was intensely patriotic, gave personal supervision to the inspection and packing of the goods.

They were taken by way of the Allegheny valley, part way by boats and part way overland, to the famous bay on the south shore of Lake Erie where the impatient Perry was busily engaged in getting his little fleet ready for the coming battle which was to mean so much for the American cause. In a short time the ropes were all fitted to their places, and the fleet set sail. What happened at Put-in-Bay on that famous day of Sept. 13, 1813, is known to every American. It was from one of his victorious ships, fitted with Irwin's cordage made at Pittsburgh, that the young commodore sent his immortal dispatch. "We have met the enemy, and they are ours."

Perry and his men and his staunch ships won this notable victory, but the stout ropes and good cordage made along Duquesne way in the infant city of Pittsburgh did their share also, for when they were put to the test they proved that they were good stuff.—Pittsburgh Press.

ODD NOTIONS OF WOMEN.

Rosa Bonheur treasured a small lead image of St. Anthony of Padua as a lucky charm. Caroline Herschel firmly believed that if she met a cross-eyed beggar in the morning it presaged the discovery of a new star that night.

George Elliot was a slave to the influence of the hunchback and clubfooted man and did no literary work upon the day when she saw one.

Lady Millais, the wife of the great painter, was convinced that the crack of doom would sound for any one who stepped on a crack in the sidewalk.

Harriet Beecher Stowe believed that it was bad luck to throw away a toothbrush which had outlived its usefulness, and to the anguish of her household preserved every one that she had ever used.

Queen Victoria cherished a number of superstitions, and among them she believed that the removal of her wedding ring would surely bring calamity and that a pet Maja cat would bring good luck to the royal household.

AN ABODE OF THE DEAD.

Not a Cemetery, but the Great British Museum.

To say that the British museum is a dead museum may sound like flat blasphemy to those old habits of the institution to whom its atmosphere is almost the breath of their life and to whom its treasures of antiquity and art are certainly the nourishment of their minds and souls. But apart from this little band of devout worshippers at the shrine of learning the British museum seems to me quite dead—as dead as a door nail. I have been there many a time, and I went there again and walked through long and silent galleries peopled only by the gods of Egypt, India, China, of ancient Greece and Rome and thronged only by those wonderful works of sculpture wrought by cunning hands long crumbled into the dust of past ages, but whose spirit of beauty and reverence still lingers in these heroes and heroines of old renown.

In some of the rooms one may see a few nursemaids relieving the tedium of their daily walk through Bloomsbury by bringing their little charges to the museum, where they may amuse themselves and get material for bad dreams while the nurses themselves have a quiet gossip.

In the holiday season also one may see troops of Americans passing swiftly through the galleries, "doing" the museum with wonderful dispatch and commenting with western levity upon the relics of ancient civilization and the bones of prehistoric men.

But the Londoner does not come. The time that he can spare from lunch hour he devotes to a walk up Cheapside, the Strand or Holborn, "to look at the shops." The day's work done, he takes the first train home. On a Saturday afternoon he prefers a matinee, a game of tennis or cricket or a few hours on the river. I do not blame him altogether, but the fact remains that the British museum is to him an abode of the dead, which he regards with the same repugnance as a tomb.—Phillip Gibbs in London Mail.

FARMER IN WINTER TIME.

Steady Jobs Are Feeding the Stock and Keeping Warm.

The great steady winter jobs on an American farm in the north nowadays are feeding the stock and keeping warm. And keeping warm nowadays means hauling coal. When I lived in the country, it meant cutting wood. It meant for our large family constant teaming day after day from the woods to the wood yard and a wood pile that must have covered a quarter of an acre. It meant toward spring the coming of men with a horse power and buzz saw to cut firewood, and that was almost as interesting an operation as thrashing.

There were other stirring days when the lake had frozen hard and the ice-house was filled, involving ice cutting and more teaming and more precarious litching on behind loads and going back in empties. And early in the winter there was the momentous and gory killing of pigs. Oh, that was indeed a stirring time. They kill a pig every second, no doubt, in Chicago nowadays, but that is mere mechanical routine, with no quality of sport in it.

There was nothing so very slow about the country winter in days as late as the civil war. I suppose soap-making as a domestic industry is as dead as household spinning. In those times of wood fires and wood ashes all self respecting families made soap.

Our family had an outstanding kitchen expressly for that use, with a big elster-like hoghead behind it in which ashes were leached and convenient tubs for holding the soft soap. A very handsome substance is soft soap of the proper consistency and complexion, and a pleasing exercise it used to be for the young to stir it with a stick and watch its undulations. All the superfluous fat of meat from our kitchen was turned into soft soap in those nearly old times.—Harper's Magazine.

Free Cure for Sick Headache.

Chamberlain's Stomach and Liver Tablets are a certain cure for sick headache. If taken as soon as the first indication of the disease appears they will prevent the attack. Get a free sample at Stone & Mercer's drug store and give them a trial.

An Irish Compliment.

When Earl Spencer was lord lieutenant of Ireland the people of Dublin called the beautiful countess, one of the loveliest women of her time, "Spencer's Faerie Queen."

But when their excellencies were about to return to England Irish galantry was shown in a characteristic way. At the farewell banquet in their honor an Irish gentleman got up and said, with much fervor and many bows:

"We all hope soon to see you back again, you and the work of art / your side."

Sure Cure For Piles.

Itching piles produce moisture and cause itching, this form, as well as blind, bleeding or protruding piles, are cured by Dr. Bozanko's Pile Remedy. Stops itching and bleeding. Absorbs tumors. 50c a jar, at druggists, or sent by mail. Treatise free. Write me about your case. Dr. Bozanko, Phila., Pa. For sale by Stone & Mercer, druggists.

Essence of Orange Leaves.

One of the remarkable industries of Paraguay is the preparation of essence of orange leaves. More than 150 years ago the Jesuit priests, who then ruled that secluded country, imported orange seeds and planted groves, which have now become immense forests, filled with small establishments for extracting the essence, which is exported to France and the United States for use in soap and perfumery making. It is also employed by the natives of Paraguay as a healing ointment and a hair tonic.

A LABOR DAY ROMANCE

(Original.)
Reginald Atwater was what the girls call a catch. Thirty years old, strong and hearty, fairly good looking, he possessed \$400,000 in his own right. The nearest girl to the prize was Marian Wyman. Marian and her mother possessed just enough income to enable them to move in the best society, to belong to the country club and to return their invitations by an occasional afternoon tea.

Atwater, during July and August, had been flitting about very much to his own liking and very much to the distress of Marian Wyman, who looked upon his freedom as she would upon that of an escaped canary, thinking that he might at any time be snared by some impetuous fortune hunter. She breathed more freely when he returned to his home and spent his time with her either on her piazza or on that of the club. This it must be admitted was because most of those with whom he was intimate were still in the country.

Miss Wyman had not discovered the art of pleasing a man. She made the fatal mistake of attempting to make herself pleasing, whereas she should have made the man pleasing, not to her, but to himself. She overran her slender income by buying articles of dress she could not afford; she sought to convince Atwater of her common sense, her prudence, her wit—in short, all the accomplishments that may be considered desirable in a wife.

At this tail end of the outing season—that is, for people of moderate incomes—during the short period prior to Atwater's departure for his hunting club, Miss Wyman was very much put out by the appearance of a country cousin, Miss Lucy Trimble. The Wyman's were under pecuniary obligations to Miss Trimble's father, Mrs. Wyman's brother, for a temporary loan which was now of five years' standing, and invited Lucy to be with them for a fortnight's annual visit in lieu of interest. She had been invited for the last two weeks in July, when no one was at home, but for some reason had deferred her visit till the 1st of September. Her coming halved the hours Miss Wyman could spend with Mr. Atwater because she knew he would not countenance her shoving aside a guest.

What was deficient as an art in the one was present naturally in the other. Lucy Trimble had never met so grand a man as Atwater. She sat in his presence like the timid little mouse she was, her eyes fixed on him in admiration and wonder. He never made a remark but she fancied it must contain something of profundity. She did not talk to him, but listened with the deepest interest to what he said, her only remarks being sincere expressions of admiration for his learning, his versatility. Atwater had been looking all his life for some one to appreciate him as he appreciated himself. Here was a simple country girl who not only had discovered what others had failed to discover, but was sufficiently ingenuous not to be able to conceal her appreciation for him.

"Oh, Mr. Atwater," she said, "you ought to be ashamed of yourself to be content with society and hunting when you would so shine in any profession! Who knows but you might be president?"

Atwater laughed, but he was delighted. He had often thought of taking up politics, but refrained from doing so because the country gentlemen of America do not run for congress as those of Great Britain stand for parliament. He was delighted with Miss Trimble and considered how he could repay her for her appreciation.

"I have it," he said after a great deal of thought. "I'll invite Mrs. Wyman and Marian and this little chicken to go down to the seashore for over Labor day. I'll ask my chum, Bob Allison, to be of the party to make it even between us young ones, while Mrs. Wyman can be chaperon."

From Friday afternoon till Wednesday morning the party enjoyed bathing, lounging on the beach, hops, and Lucy Trimble, who had never seen the sea, was simply delighted.

The outing was ended. The party were at the station waiting for the last train to go to the city that day or the party would have waited for a later one. Suddenly Lucy Trimble put her hand to her belt and announced that she had left her watch at the hotel. There remained fifteen minutes before train time, and Atwater offered to go and get the watch. Lucy declared that she alone could find it. The two went together. They found the watch and started to return to the station. The train came along and the others, seeing them within a short distance, got aboard. The train moved out and the party waited expecting to see the two missing ones come in from the last car. When some time had passed and they did not appear Miss Wyman suggested to Mr. Allison that he had better go back and see if they had got on. To this Mr. Allison demurred, stating that he did not propose to interrupt a tete-a-tete. When the train reached the city it was discovered that the missing ones were not aboard. Mrs. Wyman proposed to return, but there was no train to go on till morning.

Of course when Mr. Atwater and Lucy Trimble returned they were man and wife. There could be no other result without the girl's disgrace. Mrs. Wyman always spoke of the matter as a deplorable accident. Mr. Allison as intentional with Atwater, while Marian Wyman said, "I must admit the little mix played it beautifully." Atwater says that he is rejoiced that an accident should have given him such an adorable wife.

JAQUELINE EASTWOOD.

FOLEY'S HONEY AND TAR

for children; safe, sure. No opiates.

For sale by Stone & Mercer, C. D. Sturm & Co., and R. J. Criss.

"M. ILL FL. UR GUARANTEED BEST."

All persons having any of our ice cream freezers, please notify us at the store or by mail. We will call and get them. Respectfully, J. T. Swager.

Job Printing

Embossing, Engraving and Book Binding at the County Mail Book Store : : : :

317 West Main St

Fifty houses are needed in East Clarksburg.

Sweet Melody Flour

M. D. Stuart is buying and selling horses at his large barn on Traders alley in the rear of the Central Presbyterian church, where the Clarksburg Transfer was formerly located. He aims to have some horses on hand all the time. He will take a few boarders at the barn.

Sweet Melody Flour

STOCKHOLDERS' MEETING OF TRADERS NATIONAL BANK

Clarksburg, W. Va., Dec. 11.
The regular annual meeting of the stockholders of the Traders National Bank of Clarksburg will be held at the banking house of said bank on Tuesday, Jan. 12, 1904, at 10 o'clock a. m. for the purpose of electing a board of directors for the ensuing year and to vote upon a resolution to amend article three of the articles of association of said bank, as follows: "The board of directors of said bank shall consist of not more than twelve nor less than five shareholders." T. M. JACKSON, Pres't. dec12-1m

Sweet Melody Flour

THREE SPECIAL TOURS TO FLORIDA.

Baltimore & Ohio Railroad via Washington at Very Low Rates.

January 26, via Seaboard Air Line. Tickets including, in addition to round trip railroad fare, sleeping car accommodations and meals en route Washington Jacksonville and return. Returning, leave Jacksonville February 10.

February 9, via Southern Railway. Tickets including, in addition to round trip railroad fare, sleeping car accommodations and meals en route Washington to Jacksonville. Returning, leave Jacksonville February 24.

March 8, via Atlantic Coast Line. Tickets including, in addition to round trip railroad fare, sleeping car accommodations and meals en route Washington to Jacksonville, but not for the return. Returning, tickets will be good on any regular train until May 31, 1904. For detailed information, call upon Baltimore & Ohio ticket agents. dec31-mar8

Fifty houses are needed in East Clarksburg.

SWEET MELODY FLOUR

Reymer's Candy

In pound and half-pound boxes just received at the County Mail Book Store : : : :

317 West Main St

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